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# The Mountaineer

*Published by the Senior Class*

## Weaver College

Weaverville, N. C.

*Class of 1920*

Illustrations from photographs by
H. W. Pelton, Asheville, N. C.

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# The Editor's Foreword

We have endeavored in this volume to record some of the happier incidents of the spirit and life of Weaver. We send it forth, hoping "these things will be pleasant to remember hereafter." It is our first attempt to get out an Annual for Weaver, and we are sure it is not perfect. But those "who have come up through the great tribulation" of making a Year Book will be generous enough to forgive our imperfections. We trust all other readers will be merciful.

# History of Weaver College

The first session of the Weaverville School was held in the "Conference House." This building was erected for the meeting of the Holston Annual Conference which convened at Weaverville in 1836. A neighborhood school was conducted in this rude structure until 1854, when patronage had grown to such an extent that a new frame building was erected and known as "Temperance Hall." At this time the school became a boarding school and drew patronage from the mountain section. This building was destroyed by fire in 1872.

In the same year, largely through the efforts of the local community, a brick building was erected, and the school was chartered as a college. In 1883 the property was deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and since that time has been conducted as one of the institutions of the church.

In 1912 the school was reorganized as a Junior College, and the curriculum was arranged accordingly. The diploma of the school admits the graduates of Weaver College to the Junior Class of standard colleges without examination.

In 1915 the General Assembly of North Carolina granted the college a new charter, greatly enlarging its powers and privileges. The college is now controlled by a board of trustees, consisting of fifteen members nominated by the board of trustees and elected by the Western North Carolina Conference.

For forty years this school has been a leader in moulding public opinion, in directing the intellectual life, and in disseminating a larger culture throughout the western section of North Carolina and her influence has been felt through all the Southern States. Her larger history is written in the useful lives of hundreds of men and women who have gone out from her doors to enrich the life of the nation. Every lover of learning is proud of the record of the past and looks forward to greater things in the future for the college on the mountain top.

# Dedication

TO

## Marion Alexander Yost

To a True Friend and Safe Counselor
who generously gave himself through many years
of unselfish and loving service
to
Weaver College
and who sent out students
with kinder and more valiant hearts
and with higher ideals,
we dedicate this simple volume in token of
our appreciation and love

# Marion A. Yost

(Sketch)

Marion Alexander Yost was born in Wytheville, Virginia, in 1856. He is a graduate from Emory and Henry College, receiving his A. B. degree in 1883.

In the fall of that same year he entered Asbury Academy, in Virginia, where he taught for one year. In September of 1884 he came to Weaver College, where he remained for two years as professor of Latin and Greek. After a year's absence as teacher at St. Charles College, Missouri, he returned to Weaver College. Here he has remained through a period of thirty-five years and given the best of his life.

In 1888 he was made President of the College, which position he filled faithfully for ten years. At the end of this period he resigned as President on account of the heavy work and responsibility; for though doing the work of a conscientious President, he still did the full work of a professor. However, after his resignation, he remained as instructor in Latin and Greek.

In 1890 he was married to Miss Alice Hoofnagle, a fine christian, cultured woman of Abingdon, Virginia. At that time she had charge of the music and art departments of the College.

In the Spring of 1915, Professor Yost suffered a break-down in health and had to give up his work the remainder of the term. During the four following years he retained his position as teacher of the higher Latin classes, but at the end of the Spring term of 1919 he gave up all his work as professor. During the past year when his health has permitted he has taught the Baraca Class.

Words seem poor when we try to tell what Professor Yost has been to this institution. But in the heart of many a father and mother in our Carolina mountains there dwells a deep and beautiful sentiment of love and gratitude for this great and good man, whose life and teachings had much to do with the shaping of their purposes and ideals in life. When the old boys come back to Weaver from their rushing, busy life out in the world, they love to go down to his home by the old Camp Ground and share with him their joys and successes.

May many years yet be given to this faithful man, who has given so much to us.

CHAS. R. MOORE

In Memory

OF

MR. CHARLES R. MOORE

A Faithful Trustee

AND

A Generous and Loyal Friend

TO

Weaverville

AND

Weaver College

WEAVER COLLEGE

D. S. HOGG, A. B.,
PRESIDENT

# David Stephen Hogg

(Biographical Sketch)

On March the seventh, 1920, Mr. Hogg was thirty-six years old. He is the son of a large plantation owner who at one time was one of the chief land holders in Mississippi. Governor Hogg of Texas was a cousin of Mr. Hogg's, the same father bringing up the Governor and Mr. Hogg's father. Mr. Hogg's birthplace is in Severe County at Horatio, Arkansas.

He is a graduate of Emory and Henry College. While a student there, he received many honors and was always a leader among the students. He was a member of the Interstate Quartette. After his graduation at Emory and Henry he attended the University of Chicago.

In 1912 Mr. Hogg was elected to the chair of Bible and English in Chamberlain-Hunt, Port Gibson, Miss.

In 1914 he held the chair of English in Southern College, Sutherland, Fla.

In 1916 he was elected head of English department in Iron Mountain, Mich.

In 1917 Mr. Hogg held the position of head of the Mathematical Department in the Gary Schools, one of the most noted school systems in the world.

In 1918 Mr. Hogg was elected head of the Academy of Emory and Henry, where he conducted one of the most successful years in the history of the school.

In 1919 he was elected President of Weaver College.

Mr. Hogg has conducted a successful year here this year. He is an earnest Christian and a tireless builder of character, coming into personal contact with each student. He is standing on firm and solid Christian principles and raises the ideals of all who associate with him. The ability, resourcefulness, tact and great enthusiasm with which he has taken up his work here need no commendation from us.

Mr. Hogg is a member of the Chicago Math Club, one of the strongest clubs in the country.

For years he has been an ardent church worker and holds the unusual record of working for Prohibition in every state he has lived in and of seeing that state go dry.

In 1914 he was married to Miss Catherine Winspear Moss of Ohio. The President's family consists of two little boys, one is three years old and the other will be five in June.

THE MOUNTAINEER EDITORIAL STAFF

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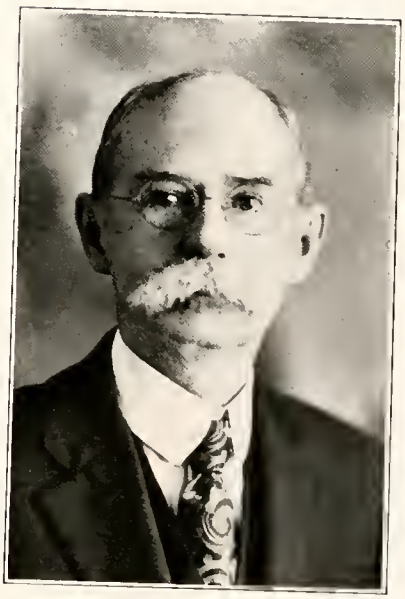

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MASTER JAMES MOSS HOGG

# Senior Class

Motto
*Veritas omnia vincit*

Colors
*Green and White*

Flower
*White Rose*

CLASS OFFICERS

Brigman, Floyd A.----------President
Hardesty, Deon ----------Vice-President
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Hipps, Lucille M.----------Historian
Jones, Woodson B.----------Prophet
Brigman, Floyd A.----------Poet

Greene, Julius A.
Fox, Louise
Hardesty, E. Deon
Jones, Woodson B.
Jones, Ralph W.
Hipps, Lucile M.
Brigman, Floyd A.
McElroy, John H.
Reagan, Frank W.
Hardesty, Nina R.
Secrest, Hoyle D.
Willis, Harold B.
Wilson, G. Watson

*"Sunset and evening star,*
*And clouds of royal blue,*
*O, let there be no sadness here*
*When I have done my do."*

FLOYD A. BRIGMAN
Biltmore, N. C.

Sand Hill High School; entered Weaver College 1917; Delphian Literary Society; Junior debate; won debater's improvement medal; in France with A. E. F. in 1918. Re-entered Weaver College 1919; President of Delphian Literary Society; Inter-Collegiate debate; Vice-President of Epworth League; Literary Club; President of Senior Class; Varsity Basket ball.

"Big Boy"—Always late for everything—except "social hour." Also very musical, being extremely fond of the "Uke." A living example of the old adage, "Still waters run deep."

ANNE LOUISE FOX

West Asheville, N. C.

Entered Weaver College Prep. department 1914; Euterpean Literary Society, Marshal, Treasurer, President, Secretary, Critic. Won medal in reading contest in 1917; on tennis team 1918-19. Literary Editor "Mountaineer."

"Foxy." Why does she smile so much? Answer. To show her dimples.

*"I put all my troubles down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid an' smile."*

JULIUS A. GREEN

Thomasville, N. C.

Thomasville High School; Delphian Literary Society, President, Vice-President, and Secretary; won in every foot race on field day in 1918; won in double tennis tournament; Captain Varsity football team; Manager Varsity baseball team; Treasurer Senior Class; Secretary Literary Club; Treasurer Weaver College Athletic Association; Business Manager of "Mountaineer" Tennis Club.

"Judy"—The most ADVANCE-d boy in school.

*"Life is but a little span,*
*Out of it get all you can.*
*Whenever work and play collide,*
*Seize play, and put cold work aside."*

E. DEON HARDESTY
Newport, N. C.

First entered Weaver College 1913; Cliosophic Literary Society; winner Improvement Declamation medal 1914; Improvement Debater's medal 1915-16; Debater's medal 1916-17; was in France with the A. E. F. in 1918; re-entered Weaver College 1919; Vice-President, Secretary, Chairman of Committee on Ways and Means, Cliosophic Literary Society; President of Literary Club.

"D"—*"Nature might stand up and say to All the world, this was a man."*

NINA HARDESTY

New Port, N. C.

West Durham High School; Euterpean Literary Society, Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President, Committee of Ways and Means, Critic; Assistant Literary Editor of "Mountaineer."

*"The innerside of every cloud is ever bright and shining;*
*I therefore turn my clouds about*
*And always wear them inside out,*
*To show the silver lining."*

She has been with us only during our senior year, but in that time we have learned to love her.—C. Kendall for references.

MARY LUCILE HIPPS

Canton, N. C.

Canton High School; Mnemosynean Literary Society; President, Vice-President, Secretary; Basket ball; Manager of basket ball; member of Athletic Council; Vice-President of Tennis Club; Secretary of Senior Class.

"'Cile"—*"Truthful and almost sternly just,*
*Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,*
*And make her generous thought a fact."*

RALPH JONES

Asheville, N. C.

Woodfin High School; Cliosophic Literary Society; President, Secretary, Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means; Inter-Society debate; Debater's Improvement medal; Inter-Collegiate debate; Varsity Basket Ball; Tennis Club; Literary Club.

"Borneo"—Motto: *"Live while you live, for when you die you are dead."*
*"And though vanquished, he could argue still."*

WOODSON B. JONES

Del Rio, Tenn.

Entered Sophomore 1916; Delphian Literary Society, President 1917; awarded medal for improvement in debate; spoke in Inter-Society debate at Commencement; again entered as a Senior 1919; Secretary Delphian Literary Society; Bachelor's Club; Literary Club; Debater's medal 1919-20.

"W. B."—He expounds the unproved theory:

*"'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."*

JOHN H. McELROY

Marshall, N. C.

Marshall High School; Cliosophic Literary Society, Vice-President, Secretary, Critic, Chairman Committee on Ways and Means; Inter-Collegiate debate; Literary Club; Manager of Football team; Athletic Council; Advertising Hanager of "Mountaineer."

Johnnie—better known to the fairer sex as "Conceit."

Ten o'clock usually finds him singing in front of the dormitory on his way from—? His favorite is, "Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry."

*"And still the wonder grew,*
*That one small head could carry all he knew."*

FRANK W. REAGAN
Weaverville, N. C.

High School Department at Weaver College; Delphian Literary Society, Secretary, Critic, Censor; champion in tennis, in doubles and singles, 1917-18 and 1918-19; Varsity Baseball team 1919-20.

"High-Pockets"—Favorite theme of conversation —"Canton."

*"He had good nature and good judgment,*
*And to spite it all, he had good wit."*

HOYLE SECREST

Monroe, N. C.

Union Institute; entered Weaver as Junior 1918; Delphian Literary Society, President, Vice-President, Censor; President Epworth League; Varsity Basket Ball; Literary Club; President Tennis Club; Bachelor's Club.

"Long Distance"—"Postman" and a leading light among the ladies.

*"I ne'er could any luster see*
*In eyes that would not look on me."*

HAROLD B. WILLIS

Weaverville, N. C.

Lexington High School; Cliosophic Literary Society, President, Secretary, Chairman of Committee on Ways and Means; winner "Day Debate" medal; Alternate on Inter-Collegiate debate; President Junior Class 1919; Editor-in-Chief of "Mountaineer."

"Willie"—The boy who always knew his lessons without having to study them; the "baby" of the class in years, though far from "babyish" in intellect.

*"It does not pay to worry;*
*Things are bound to happen anyway."*

G. WATSON WILSON

Nebo, N. C.

Nebo High School; Rutherford College; entered Weaver College 1919; Cliosophic Literary Society, Secretary, President; Varsity Football team; Literary Club; Bachelor's Club.

"Buck"—Our jolliest Senior. Never loses his temper—even on the football field (?).

*"The man worth while is the man with a smile,*
*When everything goes dead wrong."*

## Senior Class Poem

### The Sea-Shell

Tossed by the restless waves,
That roll the white foam on the strand,
Once a little sea-shell lay,
Half buried by the sand.
The shell was colored like the sand,
And who could ever guess
What pearly beauty lay beneath
Its outward ugliness?

A pink that vanished into white,
A white that changed to blue,
A blue that melted into green,
With silver shining through.
It must have dreamed of skies and flowers,
And glistening frost and dews,
To paint upon its narrow walls
Such dainty, changeful hues.

How many things there are in life,
Dull to the outward show?
And if we do not look beneath,
We surely cannot know,
Among the treasures God has placed
Here is this world of men,
How many a hidden faultless pearl,
How many a perfect gem.

# Prophecy of the Class of 1920

Del Rio, Tennessee,
May 4, 1940.

Rev. Floyd A. Brigman,
Shanghai, China.

Dear Brig:

Since realizing the fact that this is the twentieth anniversary of our celebrated graduation from Weaver College, I have been thinking a great deal of the old college days, when we had no greater business troubles than that of trying to raise money to pay our drug store and café bills.

Since you have been spreading the gospel in the Orient a great many changes have taken place in this world-famed country, which I suppose you still call home, even though we are still under a Democratic administration—which I know you regret with all the bitterness of your heart. All the boys and girls whom we knew in our college days have given their fifteen rahs, waved the black and gold pennant, and passed from the stage of college frivolities and bubble blowing to that of concrete facts and treacherous business propositions.

Perhaps you would be interested to know of the success of our unsurpassed class of 1920.

Ralph Jones has made even greater success than we expected, though probably not as great as he expected. He has risen from the rank of a ten minute speaker in the Cliosophic Society, and is now a prominent lawyer, pleading either for right or wrong in our courts of justice. He and Florence are as devoted as they were twenty years ago, and without a radical change no lawyer will ever have the opportunity of pleading a divorce suit for either of them.

Julius Green is no longer calling signals on a football squad, or fumbling a baseball on third, but, through constant and faithful effort, he has become a leader in the great business world of today; and if you should ever decide to stop preaching you might be able to secure a position as one of his traveling salesmen.

Lucile Hipps, the man hater of twenty years ago, after a short vacation from the monotony of school life, fell suddenly and desperately in love, and matrimony was the result. Thus Weaverville and Canton lost a valuable matrimonial advisor, and Washington, D. C., gained an important addition to high society circles.

Deon Hardesty, noted for being the most pertinacious debater in our class, is still debating. After many unsuccessful attempts he finally debated his way to matrimony, and will probably debate his way into heaven. He is, however, at present a prominent lawyer in Durham, N. C., and has good prospects for being the next judge of his judicial district.

Harold Willis, famed while in college for his ability to write advertising posters for a baseball game, has long since ceased to use his ability with the crayon and brush in such small business and has gone after bigger game. Even though he is still without the aid, or detriment, of a wife he is one of New York's most popular architects—especially in air castle building.

Frank Reagan early abandoned the idea of being a famous baseball star; but he did not surprise his many friends when soon after his graduation he married the sweetheart of his youth; but even this great handicap has not prevented him from rising to a prominent place in business as well as in society circles.

Nina Hardesty, after her graduation at Weaver, took an extended course in domestice science at Columbia University. In 1824 she returned to her old Alma Mater, where she became a popular and efficient teacher in the greater Weaver. She is still a member of the faculty there and seems to have found her niche in this great sphere of service.

Watson Wilson, better known in school as "Buck," is no longer playing center on a football team. But he tackles a business proposition in quite the same spirit that he once went through an opposing line on the gridiron. He is still a bachelor and, from the present outlook, there will be no wife to weep over his enormous remains when he cashes in his checks.

Louise Fox, who has always been noted for doing the unexpected, gave her friends the greatest surprise of their lives when she suddenly plunged into the dark and mysterious sea of matrimony. She is now sailing happily down the rough stream of life with nothing to worry her except the change of styles, and this worries her because they do not change often enough.

John McElroy, whose ambition has always been to be one of the greatest criminal lawyers in America, has not yet reached his goal, and in all probability he never will. After four years at Harvard, he received his degree of LL.D. with great distinction. He is at present one of North Carolina's most prominent lawyers.

I was about to forget our old Delphian brother, Hoyle Secrest. He continued his school work for two years at Chapel Hill; and you will be surprised to learn that he finally gave up his ambition for political preferment and settled down into a tolerably contented life as a farmer. His former ambition seizes him at times, but the country life and the great economic changes that have taken place in agriculture, making the one-time farmer drudge a man to be envied, are too great a lure, and he still sticks to his farm.

As for myself, I am still a member of good standing of the "Bachelor's Union." The nearest I have ever been to matrimony was in 1920, when it was reported at school that I was married. But I am perfectly contented and am helping to feed the world by producing corn, beans, and potatoes

Give my very best regards to Hester.

Your old class-mate,

Woodson B. Jones.

## A Mountain Day

"Mountains outlined 'gainst a pale gold sky,
Rose-leaf clouds on the topmost peaks,
A mocking-bird's song from the heart of the trees,
The day has dawned.

Thick dark shades, and an odor of pine,
An idler lying beneath the trees,
Clouds drift in a sea of blue,
'Tis afternoon.

A sky swift changing from gold to gray,
Shadows and gleams on the purple hills,
A warm sweet breeze from scented fields,
Twilight has come.

A wide clear sky with a thousand stars,
The plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will,
Fireflies dancing on meadow and hill,
The day is done."

SNAP-SHOTS

MASTER DAVID JAMES HOGG

JUNIOR CLASS

# Junior Class

MOTTO
*Onward*

COLORS
*Purple and White*

FLOWER
*Violet*

## CLASS OFFICERS

SMITH, GEORGE ---------- President
SWING, HESTER ---------- Vice-President
WILSON, LOTTIE ---------- Secretary
ROLLINS, THOMAS ---------- Treasurer
YOST, SARAH ---------- Poet
WILSON, HELEN ---------- Historian

Secrest, Vance
Wilson, Lottie
Wilson, Helen
Smith, George
Walser, Raymond
Lefler, Bayne
Ratledge, Annie
Helms, Claud
Howey, Dewey

Yost, Sarah
Mitchel, Florence
Palmer, Hattie
Leggett, Thelma
Richardson, W. B.
Ramsey, Harry
Cleveland, Harold
Wright, Rose

Rector, Tacoma
McKinney, Dwight
McKinney, Worth
Rollins, Thomas
Sitton, Philip
Kendall, Charles
Thompson, Neill
Swing, Hester
Arledge, Arkansas

# Junior Class Poem

Here's to the class of twenty-one;
Our Weaver work is nearly done;
The happy days we've spent together
In wind and rain and pleasant weather
Are soon to end.

Soon we'll leave these ivied walls,
This oaken grove, these classic halls
That for so many years have spread
Their influence bright, and light have shed
Among the hills.

One year longer we may stay,
Foundations strong and firm to lay;
"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
This sage remark let's keep in mind
Through every day.

For future years, we now prepare;
Perform each task with thought and care.
Our friendships too, we must not slight,
As they will be a pure delight
In coming years.

When we our last days here have spent,
Each one will follow his natural bent;
Some will doctors, nurses, lawyers be,
While others teach across the sea
The Word of God.

Success, perhaps, is not for all,
For by the wayside some may fall
Who failed in willingness to grasp
The lessons taught them in the past
In college halls.

So, while we follow up the gleam
In urban rush, by country stream,
Our Alma Mater let us aid;
Our debt to her must be repaid,
Her due reward.

And when our locks are silver grey,
Our former friends have passed away,
And life has yielded its full measure;
These days we'll think of then with pleasure
Until the end.

SARAH C. YOST.

# Junior Class History

In the fall term of 1916 we entered Weaver College as Freshmen and began the fight for that dear old "Sheep skin." Our path has not always been an easy one but we have strived to climb over the difficult places and we feel that success is now in sight.

We are proud of the fact that we are so well represented in the speaking line. In our ranks are to be found men who have taken honors in declamation and oratory; one of our class was a member of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Team.

We are also proud of the record our class has made in athletics. Nine of our men were on the Football Team, we also furnished three men for Baseball. Members of our class were to be found on the girls' and boys' Basketball teams. So you see we have entered in all phases of college life.

The above will suffice for the history of the class as a whole. We will now turn and see something that each individual has achieved while here.

First, behold the president of the Junior Class, George Smith! Timid and reserved is he, yet he is strong in intellect and will power, a favorite among the teachers and girls—but he is a "woman hater." He doesn't believe in a Co-ed College and is always saying to the boys, "Let's don't let the girls root us out." George has made a splendid record both in class-room and on the athletic field. He was a star football player and won a "rep" for Weaver; he was also Captain of the boys' basket ball team.

*"Few hearts beat like his, with virtue warmed,*
*Few heads with knowedge so informed."*

Hester Swing, commonly known as "Hess," is Vice-President of our class. She is a true friend to all, and not one swayed by public opinion. She takes great interest in athletics, especially in basket ball, and more so in tennis when she sees a chance to play with "Big Boy." Her highest ambition is to be the "mistress of a parsonage and its contents."

Worth McKinney: This member of our class has a very appropriate name, Worth. "Worth? what's he worth? Is he worth while?" Worth?—Well, he's worth his weight in gold to the Junior Class in many ways. He's worth more than we could ever tell you when it comes to athletics. He's worth a great deal to his Literary Society. It's worth a great deal to know him and it's worth more to Weaver College to own him. Worth—worth what? Worth ten beans at a "Bachelors' Auction." Worth? Well, really, I guess he's "worth while."

Hattie Palmer: Small in stature is our curly-haired, good-natured, modest Hattie Judging from appearance, you would think she was very quiet, but looks, you know, are sometimes deceptive, which is true in this case. She isn't always quiet, but likes a joke and fun as well as any one. She is a favorite among the students, especially the opposite sex. Hattie is no book-worm by any means, and doesn't worry over even "those Difficult Physics problems." She has very sensitive ears and listens to every call. Of course, the call from some quarters rings clearer and stronger than from

others. From Trinity it is a Clarion. When it comes to basket ball, Hattie is always on the job.

*"Her hair is golden, her eyes are blue,*
*She is athletic, through and through."*

W. B. Richardson, whose nickname is "Jazz," is the physicist of the class. When we want a physics experiment, we always go to him. "Had he been present at the creation, I'm sure he would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe." He takes an active part in athletics and in society work as well. He is a hard worker and one of the most brilliant in the class.

Tacoma Rector: Tacoma, better known as "Rec," is renowned for being three things: A good sport in athletics, a wonderful musician, and a first class housekeeper. She is especially talented in music, and her highest ambition is to be able to sing like—. Her favorite song is "Johnnie's in Town." We have been informed that "Rec" intends to pursue an advanced course in—we know not what, but we surmise that in this advanced course she will major in matrimony.

B. W. Lefler is one of the preachers of the class, and he is a good fellow all round.

*"Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power*
*By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."*

His favorite pastime on Monday afternoons is doing charitable deeds for needy neighbors, provided Helen goes along. And we wonder if he won't find her an indispensable companion when he launches his little skiff on life's sea.

Arkansas Arledge: We do not know a great deal about this member of our class, since she joined our happy band only at the beginning of the spring term. Whether or not she will remain with us and fight to a finish, we do not know, for she has an eager desire to become a dentist, and thus to relieve her fellow mortals from disease and pain.

Charles Kendall, better known as "Big Kendall," is the most reserved of all the Junior boys. He is never known to say very much, even during social hour when talking to Nina, but always thinks before he talks. He is a great athlete, more interested in football than any other game. These few chosen words may be well applied to him:

*"He's too busy to be making a noise."*

Florence Mitchell, pretty, brown-eyed Florence, whose heart is large, and who usually has a smile and kind word for every one- except when she is out of humor and that is seldom—unless, of course, she has had a quarrel with "Ralph." Florence's favorite studies are Senior English and French. We wonder why? Postum—There's a reason. She is never known to study other lessons, but these she gets perfectly. She is neither too good nor too bad, and all of us love to be with her.

*"Strong of heart, but too weak to resist Cupid's piercing shaft."*

Philip Sitton, another one of our preachers and "bachelor to be," is noted for talking too long. When debating he always tells so many jokes or throws off so on the women that we hardly know when he has developed a point. He is a good sport in

football and, though he suffered a fractured knee in a football game, his enthusiasm for athletics has not waned. He is a right fielder in baseball. Besides these there are two things he can do well—yea, three: Preach, visit among his flock, and tease.

Let me present to you Annie Ratledge, familiarly known as "Rat." Her philosophy of life is to be found in these words:

*"When joy and duty clash,*
*Let duty go to smash."*

However Annie is a leader in tennis and made a good "rep" for Weaver as a forward on the basket ball team. Her nature is "Aprilic," but the sunny seasons are longer in duration and more frequent than the stormy ones.

Dwight McKinney: Dwight is our best declaimer, and for memorizing quotations in English—well, he can't be beat. When he is slack on any of his other lessons, he's ever saying, "I was memorizing that quotation." He is always coming in the English class at the eleventh hour and has for an excuse, "They didn't have dinner ready." His philosophy is, "Don't climb mountains before you get to 'em."

*"A maiden never bold;*
*Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion*
*Blush'd at herself."*

This is Sarah Yost, the youngest member of our class, and our poet. The gods have lavishly bestowed their gifts and graces on her. She is not only a poet, but she was early distinguished for her musical ability, and we expect to hear great things of her in the future.

Neill Thompson is a member of the "Hungry Nine," whose motto is, "Live to eat." His favorite pastime is going on picnics. He always wears a smile and pretends to want to win the favor of the girls, but he lacks nerve. He is never known to carry on a conversation without mentioning something about his naval experiences. He's got the naval brogue and the navy walk. He is especially interested in the Statue of Liberty, and seeing that "Justice" is given to him.

*"He thinks too little and talks too much."*

Lottie Wilson: One of our biggest gifts came to us last fall when Lottie entered Weaver. She is all genuine from head to toe. Indeed, there are so many good things to be said about Lottie that when we come down to sum them up we sigh for an adding machine. "She is a scholar and a ripe and good one."

*"With the reason firm, the temperate will,*
*Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*

Claude Helms is our politician; when a discussion arises in class, he is always given the floor, for it is known he will take it. He has to be fully convinced on a subject before giving over. He was not known to take any interest whatsoever in "Social hour" until the second term, when the silent "Spinks" entered W. C. Then a

change came. As for picnics and afternoon strolls, there were never too many for him.

*"He has a never ending line and sometimes he says something worth while."*

Of Rose Wright it may be said, "She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought." She is the only Rose in our class and is therefore greatly admired. She is a leader in her classes and, owing to her sweet, gentle disposition, she has won all of her classmates' love and esteem.

Helen Wilson: Here comes another of the Junior Class. She is of mĕdium height, with big blue eyes and a dimple that plays over her face when Bayne is near—which is quite often. Helen has "lots" of friends and is a good student. She is going to be a school teacher—so she says—but Bayne is not the only one who does not believe it.

Last but not least is Thomas Rollins. He is one of the timid members of the class. He is not one to try to shine, but he delivers the goods when he has a mind to. He is always a gentleman, courteous, thoughtful and kind.

*"Loyal hearted, strong of mind,*
*A finer boy nowhere you'll find."*

These are some of the attainments of our class, and we trust that these are but beginnings of far greater achievements by the Juniors.

HELEN WILSON.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

# Sophomore Class

MOTTO

*Each for the other, and all for W. C.*

COLORS
*Blue and White*

FLOWER
*Forget-me-not*

## CLASS OFFICERS

JUSTICE, MARJO ---------- President
LOTSPEICH, KATHERINE ---------- Vice-President
KOONTS, ALLEN ---------- Secretary
KENDALL, JENNINGS ---------- Treasurer

## CLASS ROLL

Ader, Ruth
Blackstock, Mildred
Carter, Ollie
Funk, Eugene
Foreman, Nelson
Jones, Nancy
Koonts, Allen
Kendall, J.
Lotspeich, Katherine
Justice, Marjo
Meares, Emily
Morrow, Neta
McGaha, Jacksie
Parker, Lula
Pickens, Margaret
Reeves, Gladys
Robinson, George
Smith, Early
Taylor, Willie
West, Stanley
Weaver, Doris
Wright, John
Zachary, Thomas
Zachary, James

## Sophomore Class Poem

We are the Sophomores, confident and free,
"Each for the other, and all for W. C."
And with the aspiring we cast our lot,
We take as our flower, the forget-me-not.

Our class is a band of noble young souls
Who are ever striving for higher goals.
When vacation time comes we shall wander at will,
But not for long, for Weaver calls us still.

Back to our work for two years more,
Then we'll be launched on life's crowded shore.
But for this scene, prepared we shall be,
The fruits of our toil at old W. C.

NANCY JONES

DORMITORY

FRESHMAN CLASS

# Freshman Class

Motto
*Upward and Onward*

Colors
*Purple and White*

Flower
*Carnation*

## CLASS OFFICERS

McEachern, Joe ---------- President
Smithdeal, Grace ---------- Vice-President
Edens, Gordon ---------- Secretary
Spinks, Carrie ---------- Treasurer

## CLASS ROLL

Aiken, Willie
Ballard, Dare
Bland, Mary
Edens, Gordon
Groves, Ruel
Garrison, John
Lemmond, Eugene
McEachern, Joe
Pearson, Bert
Reeves, Lillian
Smithdeal, Grace
Shope, Bill
Spinks, Carrie
Spencer, Percy
Teague, Grace
Teague, Elsie
Weaver, Stanley
Wagner, Catherine

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

# Sub-Freshman Class

MOTTO
*Green but still growing*

COLORS
*Blue and Gold*

FLOWER
*Pansy*

## CLASS OFFICERS

DOCKINGS, FRENO ---------- President
MICHAEL, CLARE ---------- Vice-President
JONES, NATHAN ---------- Secretary

## CLASS ROLL

Aiken, Margaret
Aiken, Elery Joe
Barrett, Hassie
Baldwin, Roy
Church, Irene
Dockings, Freno
Davis, Hayden
English, Ava
Garrison, Raymond
Hipps, Nannie
Jones, Nathan
London, Ruby
Medler, Alma
Morrow, Eva
Michael, Clare
Pardue, Lucile
Potts, Elsie
Parker, Eleanor
Peek, Ebbie
Phillips, Carl
Reagan, William
Willis, Wren
Whitaker, Herman
Warlick, Leon
Wells, Blanche

# Preparatory Department

Motto
*Live and Learn*

Colors
*Yellow and White*

Flower
*Daisy*

## CLASS OFFICERS

Ader, Olin ---------- President
McElroy, Lawrence ---------- Vice-President
Maney, Mabel ---------- Secretary
Stamper, Hoyle ---------- Treasurer

## CLASS ROLL

Ader, Olin
Boyd, Bettie
Bibee, Troy
Baker, Ada Mary
Bradley, Leila
Bryson, Annie Sue
Carmichael, Lucile
Cook, Frank
Capps, Jennie
Capps, Jessie
Crump, J. P.
Edwards, Clyde
Ferguson, Lucile
Garrett, Forest
Garrett, Orville
Garrett, Hattie Mae
Green, Hiram
Green, Waldo
Hardesty, Bridges
Hendley, Walter
Hutchinson, Helen
Jones, Otho
Lefler, Frank
Lindsey, Anna Burton
Maney, Mabel
McElroy, Lawrence
McElroy, Pender
Mooney, Alice
Noland, Fay
Noland, Ruth
Pickens, Lass
Pickens, Frank
Reagan, Josephine
Stamper, Hoyle
Weaver, Elbert
Weldon, John
White, Jack
Westall, Brannon

12.
The Early Riser's Reward on Mt Mitchell, elevation 6711 ft.
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SNAP-SHOTS

# The College Escapades of Patrick O'Toole

By SARAH C. YOST

SYNOPSIS:

Mike O'Toole, a wealthy ranchman in Montana, sends his son Pat to his Alma Mater, a typical Southern college. There Pat meets "Skinny" Mayrinski his room-mate and later his chum. He falls desperately in love with Miranda Doolittle, daughter of Dr. I. Doolittle, President of the college. Pat and "Skinny" swipe the refreshments at the Junior Banquet, thus winning the unwavering devotion of the Sophomores, ninety-nine demerits apiece, and the undying enmity of Dr. Doolittle.

On the first floor, in the East wing of the boys' dormitory, Pat and "Skinny" were trying very hard to think up something to do. A number of their friends were playing foot-ball but neither of these two had been fortunate enough to make the team.

"I wish we could go fishing," exclaimed Pat, and just then an idea popped into his ever busy brain. He seized his fishing pole, slipped a grain of corn on the hook, and let it dangle innocently out of the window. Now it happened that Dr. Doolittle's prize white leghorn rooster was walking sedately around the building in search of crumbs or some other dainty morsel to appease his ever-present appetite. Spying a grain of corn, he decided that this was his lucky day, when lo, a loud squawking arose. Pat quickly drew the frightened marauder into his room and released the hook. With shoe polish and red ink they painted the terrified rooster, who doubtless felt somewhat out of place in those surroundings. After having besmeared him well, the two boys, now hilarious with laughter, tied a placard to his neck with this inscription: "Ain't life hell?" The President happened to be absent that week-end, so the boys were not afraid of his discovering it soon. In the meantime, "Why Worry?"

A few nights later, Pat was sleeping soundly and peacefully on his little cot, otherwise he would have heard a subdued murmur in the hall. Six stalwart fellows entered, picked him up gently and proceeded to carry him, cot and all, to a conspicuous place in Dr. Doolittle's front yard. Pat slept through it all, only murmuring now and then, "Miranda, Miranda." Now Miranda was the President's daughter, with whom he had become entranced. Just as day was breaking, he awoke, and stared dazedly around at his surroundings. Then with a light of understandnig on his face, he hastily folded up the cot, and ran at top speed to the dormitory. He went noiselessly through the hall and carefully opened the door to his room. Fortunately, Skinny was

still asleep, so quickly he got into his cot and waited for the bell, rejoicing that he had waked in time. He and the dog were thereafter steadfast friends.

During the ensuing days, an unusually thoughtful expression overspread the fat, good natured face of Pat. He suspected that Skinny was at the bottom of this, and was plotting revenge. His chance soon came. The Senior Class had been given permission to go to Richmond and have their pictures made for the Annual. It happened that there were not enough trucks for all the girls and boys, so some of them had to go on the train. Skinny's girl friend lived out in town, so they went on the train.

In the meantime, Pat was busy. Having ascertained on what train Skinny and his friend would return, and after dropping a few causal hints here and there, he let Dame Rumor take her course and arranged for a rousing reception.

The whole student body was gathered at the station when the train pulled in. Various shouts of welcome awaited the couple as they stepped off the train. Showers of rice besprinkled them and old shoes flew in all directions. Three express trucks of old furniture followed the angered pair down the street. A disreputable baby carriage, which had hitherto led an innocent and useful life, stood in solitary grandeur on the rear truck. Skinny glanced wildly about with murder in his eyes. After going about a block, he spied a passing jitney into which the two made their escape.

Pat returned to his room and began studying diligently. His face was beaming as he thought that he and his room-mate were even at last. It was with a joyous expression that he greeted Skinny an hour later. They gazed at each other searchingly for a few seconds, while a "Douglas Fairbankian" grin slowly overspread the face of each.

Skinny spoke first. "Pat," he said, "if you and I want to continue our studies at Freshwater College without a sudden, untimely interruption from our esteemed "Old Prixy," we had better put an end to these practical jokes."

"So be it," replied Pat.

# A Day Spent in the Woods

By WORTH McKINNEY

One morning Jim Fletcher and I went pheasant hunting. We filled our pockets with apples and biscuits and started.

As we turn out of the sheltered barn yard through the bars and up the farm lane, the keen wind stings us and our numb fingers recoil from the metal of our guns and take careful grip on the wood. At once we fall to discussing the vital question, where will the birds be to-day? For the pheasants are peculiar in their choice of a feeding ground. Sometimes they are in the swamps, sometimes they are among the pines, sometimes in the big woods, sometimes among the scrub growth of lately cut timber land, and sometimes, in very cold weather, on the south side of the mountains.

When I first began to hunt with Jim, he knew so much more than I in these matters that I always accepted his judgment. If he said, "To-day they will be in the swamps," I replied, "To the swamp let us go." But after a time I came to have opinions of my own, and then the era of discussion set in.

"To-day," begins Jim, "the wind is north, and the birds will be on the south slope."

"Now, Jim, you know I don't believe at all in going by the wind. The pheasants don't mind wind, their feathers shed it. What they care about is the sun, and to-day the sun is hot—at least it would be to us if we had feathers on instead of clothes. I believe we shall find them in the big woods."

I usually advocate the big woods, because I like them best for a tramp.

Jim, too well contented at the prospect of a day's hunt, said genially, "All right, I go wherever you say"; which always reduces me to terms at once; for, above all things, I dislike to make myself answerable for the success or failure of the day. I prefer to criticise beforehand and afterwards. So I said hastily, "Oh no, of course you know a great deal more about pheasants than I do. We'll go wherever you think best."

"Well, perhaps it is too warm for the swamps to-day. Now they might be in the pines."

"Ah, come, let's not go to the pines! The birds can't be there. They never are."

"I thought we were going to where I thought best."

"Yes, but only not to the pines. It's all a notion of yours about their being among the pines."

So, still conversing in a quiet way, we try the pines.

"Jim," I call as I catch a glimpse of him through an opening, "I thought the birds were in the pines this morning. They really don't seem abundant."

Suddenly—w-hi-r-r-r—something away in the brush ahead of us. "Mark!" we both call, and, "Did you get his line?"

After we move the first bird, the next thing is to follow the leader. And a wild leader he is. Flushed in the pines, he makes straight for the swamp. The swamp it is then, and down we go after him, and in we go straight to the center of it. Ugh! how shivery the first plunge is. We carefully keep our direction, going rapidly at first. When we had nearly covered the distance, a pheasant flies. We go more cautiously, holding back the too eager dog, listening for the snap of a twig or the sound of wings, gripping our guns tightly at every blue-jay or robin that flicks across our path. No bird yet, we must have passed him. But no! There! Out of the top of a tall oak, off he goes, sailing over the swamp to the ridge beyond. We follow him; for we are not willing to give up the chase yet. We have now and then flushed a pheasant nine or ten times before we got him—and we have not always got him then; for many and cunning are the crafty ways of an old pheasant; he thinks as he flies—thinks to good advantage. He seems to know what we expect him to do, and then he does something else. How many times have we gone past him, when he sat quietly between our feet, and then heard him fly off noiselessly down our back track! How often, in a last desperate search for a vanished bird, have I jumped on every felled pine top in a field—except the one he was under.

However, the pheasant is not the only creature with whom we become acquainted on these hunts. We have glimpses of other living things as we tramp on, the life of the woods retreats before us, but only just out of sight, and not always that. The blue-jay screams in the tree tops, proclaiming our presence in the woods; the catbird, who must know all that goes on, hops close beside us in the bushes; the grey squirrel dodges behind a tree trunk peering at us out of the corner of his eye.

Once as I was walking up the slope on the sunny edge of a *run,* and, as I drew myself up over the edge of a big rock, I found myself face to face with a calm, mild-eyed cotton-tail rabbit. He did not remain calm; in fact, we both were startled; but he recovered first, and hopped softly over the side of the rock and went galloping

away through the brushy bottom, while I, still kneeling, watched him disappear just as Jim came up.

"What's the joke?"

"Nothing, only I just met a rabbit. He looked at me just like a bunny on an Easter card."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"I never thought of it. Anyhow, I wouldn't shoot anything sitting up in that way, just like a tame kitten."

"Then why didn't you shoot when he ran?"

"Shoot a rabbit running! Why, I couldn't hit one in a month."

Besides meeting all these wood creatures, we learn where the biggest chestnuts are—great silky brown fellows almost twice the size of your thumb. We discover old landmarks in the deep woods, surveyors' posts—a heap of stones carefully piled on a big rock. We find old clearings, overgrown now, but our feet still feel underneath the weeds the furrows left by the plow. Now and then we come upon a spot where once there must have been a home. There is no house, no timbers even, but the stone cellar is not gone, and the gnarled lilac bush and the apple tree stubbornly cling to a worn out life amidst the forest of sturdy white oaks and chestnuts that have closed in about them.

We learn to know where the springs of pure water are, as they well up out of the deep ground in tiny pools under some big rock or between the roots of a great oak. And when the sun shines hot at noon, and a lost trail and a vanished bird leave us to the sudden fact that we are tired and thirsty, we know where is the nearest water. We know, too, the knack of drinking so as not to swallow the little gnats that skim its surface—you must blow them back ever so gently, and drink before they close in again. How good it tastes as we lie at full length on the matted brown leaves. How we relish the biscuits, too, and the juicy apples, as we sit by the spring and rest, and talk over the morning's hunt and plan the afternoon's—subject to the whim of the birds.

But I suppose the very best about hunting can never be told at all. That is true of any really good thing, and there is nothing better than a long day after the birds. It is always to be out of doors. There are seasons when one is glad to wander slowly over the fields and byways; there are times when it seems best of all to be still—in the heart of the woods, on the wide hill pastures, in the deep grass of the meadows. But not in the fall. It is the breath of nature that makes us want to be off and away—to

go and go and go. Yes, fall is the time for the hunt—gay boisterous fall, with its wind and color to keep up its spirits against the stealthy approach of winter.

But whether we shoot well or ill, whether our game pockets are heavy or light, no matter what the weather we find, or the country we cross, it is all the same to Jim's mother when we return home at night. She grabs Jim by the ear and marches him into the house, and then the door slams. As for me, I turn wearily away to walk the four miles home, with this verse of the Bible running through my mind: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

## Officers of the Epworth League

HOYLE SECREST ---------- President
F. A. BRIGMAN ---------- Vice-President
HESTER SWING ---------- Second Vice-President
FLORENCE MITCHELL ---------- Third Vice-President
LOTTIE WILSON ---------- Fourth Vice-President
BAYNE LEFLER ---------- Treasurer
JOE MCEACHERN ---------- Secretary

EUTERPEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

# Euterpean Literary Society

Motto

*"Par nos éfforts nous esperons nous élever."*

Colors
*Yellow and White*

Flower
*Daisy*

Wilson Helen ---------- President
Mitchel, Florence ---------- Vice-President
Hardesty, Nina ---------- Secretary
Yost, Sarah ---------- Treasurer
Wilson, Lottye ---------- Chaplain
English, Ava ---------- Critic
Parker, Lula ---------- Censor
Fox, Louise ---------- Marshal
Blackstock, Mildred ---------- Chairman of Committee on Ways and Means

MEMBERS

London, Ruby
Baker, Ada Mary
Wilson, Helen
Wilson, Lottye
Mitchel, Florence
Yost, Sarah
Fox, Louise
Reeves, Tomsie
Parker, Lula
Blackstock, Mildred
Medler, Alma
Wagner, Kathryn
Hardesty, Nina
Shope, Anne
English, Ava
Blackstock, Nancy
Hipps, Nannie
Parker, Lula

MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

# Mnemosynean Literary Society

Motto

*"Per aspera ad astra."*

Colors
*Green and White*

Flower
*Lily*

## OFFICERS

Lotspeich, Katherine ---------- President
Ratledge, Anne ---------- Vice-President
Weaver, Doris ---------- Secretary
Palmer, Hattie ---------- Treasurer
Rector, Tacoma ---------- Critic
Swing, Hester ---------- Censor
Noland, Ruth ---------- Marshal
Noland, Fay ---------- Marshal

## MEMBERS

Arledge, Arkansas
Aiken, Margaret
Ader, Ruth
Boyd, Bettie
Barrett, Hassie
Ballard, Dare
Church, Irene
Ferguson, Lucile
Garrett, Hattie Mae
Hipps, Lucile
Justice, Marjo
Jones, Nancy
Lotspeich, Katherine
Lindsey, Anna B.
Michael, Clara
Mears, Emily
Morrow, Neta
Mooney, Alice
Noland, Fay
Noland, Ruth
Pickens, Lassie
Pickens, Margaret
Palmer, Hattie
Reeves, Gladys
Reeves, Lillian
Ratledge, Anne
Rector, Tacoma
Swing, Hester
Spinx, Carrie
Smithdeal, Grace
Teague, Elsie
Teague, Grace
Weaver, Dorris
Wells, Blanche

DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

# Delphian Literary Society

Motto
*Know Thyself*

Colors
*Blue and White*

## OFFICERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Green, J. A. | President |
| Helms, C. H. | Vice-President |
| Secrest, Hoyle | Secretary |
| Kendall, J. S. | Treasurer |
| Jones, W. B. | Critic |
| Edens, G. W. | Censor |
| Sitton, P. N. | Chaplain |

## ROLL

Carter, Bill
McKinney, Dwight
McKinney, Worth
Pickens, Frank
Secrest, Hoyle
Shope, Bill
West, Stanley
Wright, John
Robinson, Geo.
Reagan, Frank
Cook, Frank
Lemmond, Eugene
Koonts, Allen
Helms, C. H.
Zachary, Tom
Zachary, James
Groves, Ruel
Jones, W. N.
Brigman, J. A.
Green, J. A.
Smith, George
Sitton, P. N.
Rollins, Thomas
Kendall, C. A.
Kendall, J. S.
Weaver, Stanley
Jackson, C. C.
Edens, G. W.
Howey, Dewey
Hutchison, Sylvanus
Walser, R. C.
Baldwin, Roy
Howell, Lee
Westall, Brannon
Eanes, Cecil
Parker, Jack
Crump, J. P.
Hendley, W. N.

CLIOSOPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY

# Cliosophic Literary Society

COLORS
*Red and White*

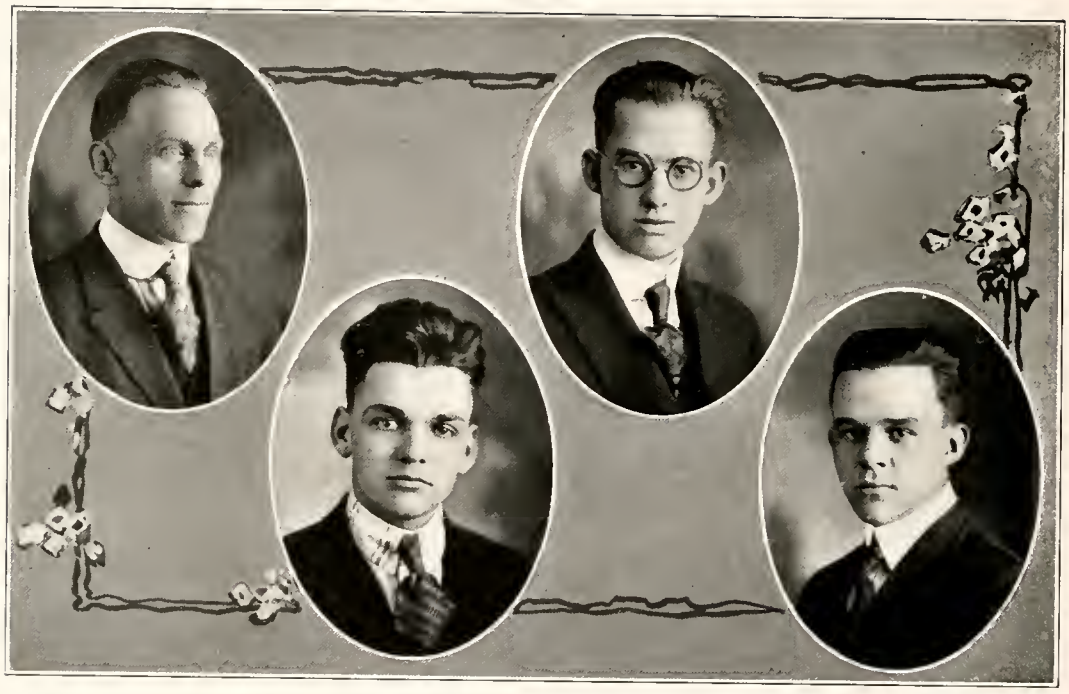
MOTTO
*Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit*

## OFFICERS

WILSON, G. W.---President
MCELORY, J. H.---Vice-President
MCEACHERN, J. M.---Secretary
LEFLER, B. W.---Treasurer
JONES, R. W.---Critic
DOCKINGS, C. F.---Censor
HARDESTY, E. D.---Chaplain
WILLIS, H. B.---Chairman of Ways and Means

## ROLL

Ader, Olin
Bibee, Troy
Banks, J. O.
Cleveland, Harold
Davis, Hayden
Dockings, Freno
Edwards, Clyde
Funk, Eugene
Hardesty, E. D.
Jones, Ralph W.
Lefler, B. W.
Lefler, F. P.
McElroy, J. H.
McElroy, P. A.
McElroy, Lawrence
McEachern, Joe M.
Green, Hiram
Green, Waldo
Garrett, Forest
Stamper, Hoyle
Richardson, W. B.
Willis, Harold B.
Willis, Wrenn
Wilson, G. W.
Weldon, John W.
Warlick, Leon
Thompson, Neill
Pearson, Bert H.
Morton, Luther E.
White, Jack
Wright, Bennie
Ingle, Vivion H.



CONTESTANTS IN A TRIANGULAR DEBATE WITH MARS HILL AND CULLOWHEE

QUESTION: RESOLVED, THAT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT SHOULD SETTLE ALL DISPUTES BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR BY COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

*Affirmative*

JOHN McELROY
FLOYD BRIGMAN

*Negative*

PHILIP SITTON
RALPH JONES

The affirmative won from Cullowhee; the negative lost to Mars Hill.

## Dramatic Club

Jones, Ralph
Hardesty, Nina
Yost, Sarah
Green, Julius
Hardesty, Leon
Fox, Louise
Jones, Woodson
Justice, Marjo
Brigman, Floyd
Ratledge, Anne
Reeves, Gladys
Riffle, Mrs.
Hardesty, Bridges
English, Ava
Reagan, Frank
Hipps, Lucile
Palmer, Hattie
Wilson, Lottie
Wilson, Watson
Secrest, Hoyle
Giles, Mary

## Music Class

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ferguson, Lucile | McElroy, John | Noland, Fay |
| Garrett, Hattie Mae | Smithdeal, Grace | Lotspeich, Katherine |
| Ballard, Dare | Hardesty, Nina | Palmer, Hattie |
| Rector, Tacoma | Aiken, Margaret | Weldon, John |
| Teague, Elsie | Medler, Alma | Lefler, Bane |
| Jones, Nancy | Mooney, Alice | Jackson, Carl |
| Swing, Hester | Justice, Marjo | Secrest, Hoyle |
| Spinks, Carrie | Noland, Ruth | Mitchel, Florence |

## Choral Club

Riffle, Mrs. Wylie
Hogg, Mrs. D. S.
Reeves, Miss
Wilson, Helen
Justice, Marjo
Smithdeal, Grace
Spinks, Carrie
Swing, Hester
Driscoll, Professor
McElroy, John
Brigman, Floyd
Hogg, Professor D. S.
Lefler, Bane
Jackson, Carl
Sitton, Philip

BOYS OF ROUNDERS' HALL

## The Hungry Nine

MOTTO
*Live to eat*

COLOR
*Cream*

FLOWER
*"Butter"-cup*

MEMBERS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Riffle, Mrs. Wylie | Spinks, Carrie | Helms, Claude |
| Justice, Marjo | Smithdeal, Grace | Thompson, Neil |
| Ballard, Dare | Rollins, Tom | White, Jack |

*Mrs. Riffle, we like your way;*
*Your kindness, we'll not forget.*
*If there's a feast on another day,*
*You'll not be forgotten, you bet.*

THE WHITE HOUSE

# The Bachelors' Club

MOTTO

*The place for woman is in the home, but not in mine*

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

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## Girls' Basket Ball Team

Ratledge, Annie
Palmer, Hattie
Hipps, Lucile
Rector, Tacoma
Swing, Hester
Giles, Miss, *Coach*

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

## The Weaver Alphabet

A is for air, which the prep students blow;
B is for books, whose contents we don't know;
C is for café, where the boys all stop;
D is for dopes that we buy at Sprinkle's shop;
E is for "eats," which we get at the inn;
F is for flunks when the grades are all in;
G is for good folks always on hand;
H is for hundred, the mark in demand;
T is for idleness, our usual state;
J is for job, which all of us hate;
K is for knowledge, which has gone to seed;
L is for library, for which we have need;
M is for money, but not just a penny;
N is for numbers, of which let us have many;
O is for office, where text books are sold;
P is for poetry, which never grows old;
Q is for quiz that we always flunk;
R is for rations that are pretty punk;
S is for study, for which we have no taste;
T is for time that we always waste;
U is for ugly, which ladies all dread;
V is for Virgil, which is never read;
W is for work, that ghastly nightmare;
X is for the unknown, but what do we care?
Y is for yarns, for which we all fall;
Z is for zero, the sum of them all.

Louise Fox.
Feb. 24, 1920.

## Wonders at Weaver College

We have a modest little Church
That boasts not cowl or whiffle;
A Reeves that never used a birch,
A gentle little Riffle.
We have a living Arkansas,
Who is our labor sharing.
We have two-Morrows without a flaw;
Also a wedded Herring.
We have a boy that's always White,
A fat-neck rough old "geezer,"
And a Julius, too, although his name
Is Green instead of Cæsar.
The Garden of Eden abides here, too,
And Helms the Spinks is steering.
The Hendley races have been rushed through,
The crowd is still left cheering.

# Jokes

Prof. Ralph: "What is vocational training?"
Freno: "It means a singing school."

Miss Giles: "I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say."
Bud: "I am, Miss Giles, just as little as possible."

Gladys: "What is the height of your ambition?"
Hattie: "Oh, something between five and a half or six feet."

Ruth: "Doesn't her hair look killing?"
Lillian; "No wonder, it's dyed."

Helen: "How old are you, Alice?"
Alice: "Some take me for fifteen, street cars take me for five."

Margaret was inquiring for Mr. Brigman when someone told her that he had stopped "Aiken" and had gone to "Swing."

Freshy: "What do you like best at Weaver?"
Second Freshy: "Teachers, of course."
First Freshy:"Why?"
Second: "Because they are so homely."

Miss Giles (in history): "Tell of Joan of Arc's youth."
Louise Fox: "She was a lad of seventeen."

Judy: "You centainly look beautiful tonight, Anne."
Anne: "Don't flatter me."
Judy: "Oh well, can't you take a joke?"

Mrs. Herring, trying to explain an algebra problem: "How do you find the cube-root of a factor, Buddie?"
Buddie: "Hunt for it."

Prof. Driscoll, explaining algebra to Hester: "Do you get me, huh?"
Hester: "No, but I wish I could."

Carrie: "Why is Prof. Eskridge so fond of the statue of liberty?"
Grace: "Because it reminds him of 'Justice.'"

Hassie: "What makes a duck take to water?"
South: "Search me."
Hassie: "For *divers* reasons."
South: "Now, you tell me why he comes out."
Hassie: "I don't know."
South: "For *sundry* reasons."

Anna Burton: "Isn't it true, Professor Deadrick, that beans were sacred to the gods in olden times?"
Prof. Deadrick: "Yes, I believe they were."
Anna Burton: "Well, we who eat at the dormitory ought to be demi-gods."

Anne: "Why does a duck go in the water?"
Judy: "I don't know."

Anne: "To liquidate his bill, of course."
Judy: "Why does he come out?"
Anne: "Tell me."
Judy: "To make a run on the bank."

Koonts: "Did you hear about the accident in town today?"
Jethero: "No. What was it?"
Koonts: "Patton ran into the Square."

Carl: "Did you hear about the big military disaster they had in New York yesterday?"
Miss Nye: "No, what was it?"
Carl: "Why, a street car ran over a peanut and killed two colonels."

Nathan Jones, quoting from the Beatitudes: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be filled."
Helen: "Bayne, do you know my favorite ring?"
Bayne: "No, what?"
Helen: "When the bell for "social hour" commences to ring."

Prof. Hogg says, "Every lassie has her laddie," but up to yesterday we had not heard any tales on Anna B. Yesterday, however, much was revealed which has hitherto been hidden. Lawrence came up to Anna B. when she started down to dinner and graciously offered his assistance. Anna B. said, "No, dearest, I can get down all right."

Hoyle got his foot hung in the grate, which caused him much "Agony," and he had to take "Holt" to get out.

Miss Lassie is always having trouble with the boys hanging around after meals. The other day she happened out on the porch just in time to hear Mr. Brigman say, "May I call you by your first name, Miss Swing?" Hester replied, "You may call me by your last name, if you care to."

Florence and Ralph were discussing his future career. He had entertained some idea of following agricultural pursuits, but Florence discouragingly said, "Really, I don't believe you would like farming because you don't like to use your arms." Ralph said, "How do you know I don't like to use my arms?" A pause ensued.

## To My Purse

Ah, purse, how can you empty be,
Knowing how much I think of thee?
It is quite sad, ah! cruel indeed,
And just the time I'm most in need.
I'm sure it was only this week
I filled you up, but oh! such cheek
As you, a mortal never had,
I fear you'll drive me to the bad.
Now I shall have a month to wait,
But that will be a month too late,
For bills are waiting, day by day,
Which poor old dad will have to pay.

## College Song

Let us join a glad refrain,
Let us make the welkin ring,
As we sing the praises of our halls;
Let the days be foul or clear,
We have nothing now to fear,
For we all can go where'er our duty calls.

CHORUS

Banded to-day in love we are,
Sadly we soon shall part;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in each heart.
In the days of toil and care,
In the night of peaceful rest,
We'll remember them with love,
As in days that are gone,
So in years that are to come,
Shall ascend the chorus old to heaven above.

CHORUS

Banded to-day in love we'll toil,
Though we are far apart,
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in each heart.
In the eventide of life,
When death's shadow dims the light,
Shall we keep these memories still?
Or shal Life's fierce battle strife
Hide visions from our sight
Of the days we spent at dear old Weaverville?

CHORUS

Banded at last in love we'll die,
Falling tho' far apart,
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in each heart.

## The Upward Way

All this life is one great battle,
From the cradle to the grave,
And the man that wins the struggle
Must be kind, and strong, and brave.
Not the man who lives the longest
Is the one who does the most;
But the one whose will is strongest
To do something for the host.
Highest honor is not left to us,
In the paths of men of yore,
But in the way that we search out
We shall find it evermore.

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